

ABOUT THE MIND CURE.

HOW IT FLOURISHES IN BOSTON
AMONG THE FIRST FAMILIES.

The Ideal Bone Over Which Theological Lions Growl—Thought Medicine and How it is Administered.
A New Science.

[Special Correspondence.]

Boston, May 12.—"Transcendental medicine" is a term not easy to grasp outside of Boston. Here it and other inexplicable kindred phrases are on everybody's lips. The "philosophy of idealism," "Christian science," "psycho-therapeutics," "psychical virus," "phenopathy," "the sympathetic sense," all interlard table and parlor conversation as plentifully as weather opinions in New York. They are all different names for the "mind cure" which now holds Boston, so to speak, in the hollow of its ideal hand.

This is not merely the craze of a few fanatics; it is a plant that has taken root in intellectual and aristocratic soil, and flourishes to an extent that would cause any ambitious green-bay tree to hang its head in shame. So powerful a hold has this new science taken on the city that "regular" physicians are looking to both their laurels and their purses with alarm. I heard one say he was certain that half, if not more than half, the practice of the city was in the hands of "irregular" practitioners, phenopathy, magnetic and every other shade of departure from the old-established code. I don't doubt this assertion. It seems to me that every other house bears a doctor's shingle, and the "irregulars" certainly take the lead.

But about this mind cure and its dispensers. They don't hang out their shingles—at least, not often. I don't think they are given to other methods of advertising, either. It is one of those things that gets talked about to such an extent that its practitioners are overrun with patients and pupils. It is so new, so mysterious and so fascinating that everybody wants to know something about it. I saw one advertisement which read thus:

"Metaphysical Healing—This method dispenses with all material aid, will power, and is known as the 'mind cure.' Those who are unwilling to give up drugs are not in a condition to be benefited."

The mind cure is taught in a term of twelve lessons, usually one every day until a class graduates. The pupils obligate themselves not to teach until they have had two years' practice. Meantime they are sent forth to operate on themselves and others, for good, it may be supposed, since they have naught to do with drugs they are not armed with the power for harm which makes the new practitioner of the regular school a creature to hold in fear until he has demonstrated his competency. Prices for the twelve lessons vary, I am told, from \$10 to \$50, according to the means and needs of the pupil. So potent a power is the mastery of mental cure said to be that the natural supposition is no one possessed of ample worldly means would hesitate on \$50. It does not stop with curing bodily ills, but promises alluring things in the way of correcting inherited tendencies Satanward, improving uncertain dispositions, eliminating ignoble thoughts, and making the subject not only lord of himself, but of his surroundings. In short, it ushers in a sort of mountain-moving era of faith, very fascinating to such of us as have been putting in our time on mole-hills without brilliant success.

Faith is a strong element in the mental cure—faith in one's self, as well as faith in higher powers. "To desire and to deserve is the sum of it," said one of its disciples. He declared in a public meeting where it was under discussion that in '79 he had cured himself of rheumatism of an aggravated character and long standing. Having read Dr. W. F. Evans' books (the greatest mind-cure exponent), he went to his room one Sunday determined to stay there till he was cured or proved phenopathy a failure. On the following Thursday he left his room, walked down stairs and out in the street without crutches—nay, forgetting his crutches altogether until he returned to his room and saw them standing in a corner.

The audience heard this statement with approving nods. Here and there a pair of eyes bulged out far into space, indicating that, to their owner, mind cures were new sensations; but the majority seemed to have been previously saturated with recitals of a similar kind, which had left them in a condition of receptivity.

The man who said he had effected this remarkable cure on himself also said he could get himself to sleep in five minutes at any time, no matter what torments, mental or physical, beset him. I asked for practical directions. He said that on lying down he put his head in a position to turn his eyes far back, and then painted an imaginary spot on his forehead or on the ceiling, at which he forced himself to look with his mind's eye. The slight effort necessary to concentrate his thoughts on that took his mind from anything else. After four or five nights of this practice he gained such a mastery over himself that he could command sleep any time.

Miss Louise M. Alcott asserts that after thirty mind-cure treatments she was forced to consider the system a failure. I mentioned this to one of the faithful. "Oh, yes," he said, "I have seen that statement in print. But did you notice that she says she left homeopathy and massage in the hope of finding a short and easy way to undo in a month the overwork of twenty years? Would she have expected any other system under the sun to effect a cure from such ills in such a time? We do work what look like miracles, but they are perfectly natural cures, after all. Our fundamental doctrine is that to think and to exist are one and the same, and that every disease is the translation into a bodily expression of a fixed idea of the mind, and a morbid way of thinking. If, by any device, therapeutic or otherwise, you remove this morbid idea, which is the spiritual image after the likeness of which the body is formed, you cure the malady. Everything in the universe is an idea before it is a fact. Of course, the idea is not always easily removed.

"The subject treated acts in conjunction with the healer toward the removal of the disease, when he can. If not, the cure" is made, if made at all, as in the case of children, without his assistance, possibly without his knowledge."

"If you mean by 'external aids' proper air, food, temperature and care, I say no. When you employ a regular physician you don't depend on the potency of his medicine alone, do you? Neither would any sane and honest physician undertake to cure you of a fever if you lived in a damp and mouldy dwelling."

"Christian science" is another name for mind cure. The ecclesiasts have taken up the subject and are wrangling over it. Some are hostile to it, declaring, perhaps without knowing much about it, that its tendency is atheistical. Others believe in it and practice it under the name of the "prayer cure" or "faith cure." Rev. Joseph Cooke is said to uphold it.

It isn't easy to get practical rules on psycho-therapeutics. I heard both men and women, who assumed to know all about the mental cure, talk hours thereon without being able to seize on a point I could make practical. How to begin, that's the question nobody answers. Perhaps the teachers tell when they instruct their classes; the talkers do not. The fog about is quite as dense as the regular medical code could desire.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz, president of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union, is an enthusiastic believer in the mind cure. She declares it has opened a new world to her. From her I gleaned the following principles of the system:

"In spiritual healing the Bible assertion that God (good) has all power and all place must be clearly understood; also that the person is spirit, not flesh. Good is the all, the real, Evil is the nothing. With God all things are possible to us, and we may dominate flesh and sin. The little word with comprises the whole matter. In our oneness with God lies our salvation—not merely our future salvation, but salvation right off, now and all the time. We must be receptive, seeking; must harbor no fear; must recognize and feel the perfect love that casteth out fear." In short, Mrs. Diaz' gospel of healing sounds very much like the Christian religion brought down to every-day application.

Another teacher of the transcendental philosophy, who draws his lore from Dr. Evans, asserts that there are within the closure of our inner beings certain dormant, unused spiritual energies and potencies that can save the soul and heal the body of its maladies, and that they are only now being discovered and utilized. Anyhow, our "inner beings" figure quite conspicuously in the mind cure. Those who are not sure that they have inner beings are likely to make slow progress in this branch of idealistic philosophy.

Dr. Evans puts it down as a basic assertion that all life consists in either thought or feeling; that thoughts are things, the only real things in the universe—substantial realities, transmissible entities. That the more direct and spiritual way of transmitting them is by sensation, not words, either spoken or written. A thought imparted to another may be made to inclose a feeling, and that thought has in it a creative force.

He also asserts that thought is an interior speech, or inward word, the proper language of souls, the universal language of spirit. He says: "We ought to ascertain, as far as practicable, the precise nature of the disordered mental state, or fixed mode of thought which is the spiritual root of the patient's malady, and which has crystallized, through the law of correspondence, into an organic expression in the body. This should be attacked by the psycho-therapeutic force (thought medicine) from every point of approach. What is called magnetism, which has proved itself one of the most efficient means of the cure of disease, owes its efficiency to the fact that in its inmost reality it is but the sphere of our thoughts and feelings. This subtle spiritual principle continually exhalates from us and forms an atmosphere around us charged with the living forces of our minds. The secret of the influence of magnetism is the influence of the thought and will of the operator over the mind, and through the mind over the body of another."

"The human body is the external world which the soul creates for its manifestation and as the theatre of its activity. All outward things are but the exteriorization of ideas. Ideas are the images and inmost reality of all created things, and always tend to an external or material manifestation. If the mind forms an idea of a change in the bodily status, and holds itself steadily and tenaciously to that idea, it originates, or at least intensifies, an effort of nature—that is, an unconscious action of the mind to express itself outwardly, and to form the body after the pre-existing idea."

Solomon's assertion that, as a man thinketh in his heart, so he has been given a fresh start by the mind cure. We are told that we can think ourselves into every good, bodily and spiritually; but the thinking must be a steady thing. There must be no flagging, no dropping of stitches in our thought robes to ravel into unsightly rents; no desponding, no fearing, no doubting. We must never quit our holds. We must, in short, learn the power of thought and rely upon it. Then, as the scriptures have promised us, we shall "be as gods." GERTRUDE GARBARSON.

FROM THE CRADLE.

[Original.]

As in the bosom of a prairie rose
The honey bee is found in snug repose,
An infant slumbered in its dainty bed,
With silken draperies above its head.

From realms celestial came its spotless soul,
To bask in sunshine, or to weep with dole;
The fates about him flung their silent power
Within the shadow of the twilight hour.

Joy leapt a sunbeam on the downy head;
Love whispered: "When the years have fled
I'll come again, with fiery dart,
To storm the bastion of your manly heart."

In cruelty, Hope passed the infant by,
While Beauty, Pride and Grace were drawing nigh;
But Melancholy kissed him o'er and o'er,
And left his soul in shadowy remorse.

JULIA CLARK-CHASS.
MADISON, Wis., May 12.

WOMAN AND HOME.

STORY OF THE FAT TEXAN AND HIS FIANCEE.

Fair Americans in London—Handling of Children—Seats for Saleswomen—Kitchen Wrinkles—Medical Use of Eggs—Brevities.

["Chloeita" in Chicago News.]

After dinner at my hotel I went into my parlor to read my evening paper. Soon a portly, hale, and really nice-looking gentleman entered with a traveling-satchel strapped over his shoulder. He politely doffed his wide-brimmed, Texan-looking hat on seeing me. He sent his card up to some lady in the house and dropped into the corner of one of those low, sleep-inviting couches to await her. He looked weary and travel-worn, but well-brushed and "smarter" up. The room was large and very quiet—the monotonous ticking of the brass clock was all there was to disturb one's reveries. Tick, tack, tick, tack—ten minutes passed, and no lady responded to his card. Tick, tack, tick, tack—fifteen minutes passed and no lady. I peeped over my nice gentleman's head and saw that my nice gentleman had leaned his tired head back against the downy cushions. Tick, tack, tick, tack—twenty minutes passed and still no lady. The stranger's pleasant, brown eyes close, then open with a guilty start. Then a calm. I did not need to look again, for the most profound snores began to rend the air.

Put a tired fat man to sleep if you want to hear sound in many keys. My gentleman was a proficient, and snored up and down the scales in that chromatic that only the snorer can execute. He occasionally dropped into a monotone which was sure to be "tied-off" with a terrific snort. It was very funny, and I was enjoying it immensely, when the door opened softly and in came the primest, sweetest looking little lady, with rather scared expression on her face. Her gentle gray eyes wandered all about the room and fell, at first carelessly, on the sound-asleep man, then on me, and creeping up to me in a shy, pussy-like way, she said: "Pardon me, but has any gentleman been waiting here some time for a lady and gone away again?" "I cannot say, positively," I said, "but I saw that gentleman send his card up to some lady who has not yet put in her appearance."

She looked at him very intently now (the awful snores were at their highest), then seated herself demurely and waited the awakening. I went on reading, though full of curiosity to see the fun out. After waiting some time she came over on tiptoe to me and said: "Now, what would you do. I think that man has come all the way from Texas to see me and yet I am not sure of it, and I would be rather embarrassed to wake him and find him the wrong man." "Don't you know him?" I asked. She looked confused and said: "Well, it's like this, you see. We became acquainted through a newspaper advertisement (not exactly a matrimonial one) and have corresponded for three years and have been engaged for two years, and if this is he, he has come on to marry me. I am frank, you see, but a lady of 33 need not be diffident. Now, what would you do?" "Why wake him up, of course," I said, for I was dying to see the denouement of this scene.

She tipped over to him, but just as she touched his shoulder with her timid finger he gave vent to one of those tearing snores (for he was a perfect callopie in the business) that would waken the very dead in their graves, and thereby awakened himself. She was so frightened that she jumped back half across the room. He sprang up, and they stood looking at each other, he trying to rub the cobwebs out of his eyes, and she looking very foolish, while I laughed behind my paper to my heart's content, and soon, however, I felt myself "let drop," and left them to themselves, wondering if this meeting was flavored with any disappointment to either. It was a very unromantic encounter, to say the least, after three years' courtship!

I went to Daly's theatre that night, where across the house I saw seated contentedly side by side, their faces beaming with pleasure, my hale, handsome Texan (very wide awake now) and his pretty, little, ripe fiancée. Joy to them wherever they are! I shall always feel, somehow, that I had a hand in making that match!

Rough Handling of Children.

[Lancet and Critic.]

The causes of joint diseases in childhood are frequently obscure, but this much is certain, that the rough handling which children receive at the hands of ignorant parents or careless nurses has much to do with the matter. Stand on any street corner and notice how children are handled. Here comes a lady with a 3-year-old girl; she is walking twice as fast as she should, and the child is over-exerting itself to keep pace; every time the child lags the mother gives it a sudden and unexpected lurch, which is enough to throw its shoulder out of its socket; or she is bruising the delicate structures of the joint; a gutter is reached; instead of giving the little tottler time to get over in its own way or properly lifting it, the mother raises it from the ground by one hand, its whole weight depending from one upper extremity, and with a spring which twists the child's body as far around as the joints will permit, it is landed, after a course of four or five feet through the air, on the other side.

Here is a girl 12 years old with a baby of 1 year in her arms. The babe sits on the girl's arm without support to its back. This would be a hard enough position to maintain were the girl standing still, but she is walking rapidly, and the little one has to gather the entire strength of its muscular system to adapt itself to the changing bases of support, to say nothing of adjusting its little body to sudden leaps and darts on the part of its wayward nurse. Sometimes during a sudden advance you will see a part of the babe a foot in advance of its head and trunk, which have to be brought up by a powerful and sudden action of the muscles of the trunk and neck.

Probably not one child in 100 is properly handled.

Fair Americans in London.

["A Foreign Resident."]

The American, once he or she has got a foothold in society, never voluntarily relinquishes, and is seldom violently dislodged from it. And the Americans are gregarious; they hunt not merely in couples, but in little packs. The fair Yankee has no sooner made a conquest and led an English aristocrat to the altar than she commences immediately to consider what she can do for her compatriots with the leverage in her hands. She has sisters or cousins as beautiful as herself, and she feels all the pride of conquest in inducing English lovers to bend the knee to them and to pass under the transatlantic yoke.

British fathers and mothers may protest, but the young Englishman, if there is any thing which renders him at all eligible, when once he is immersed in the toils of the belle Americaine, never, I think, escapes from them, or never, I should perhaps rather say, shows any desire to do so.

Much may be said in favor of the American lady who is now one of the reigning princesses of English society. She is often pretty, never morose. She has for the most part some wealth herself, and prefers infinitely to wealth in her husband's pocket, wit, intellect, and in conversational skill. Altogether she is an acquisition to society, though her independence, her impatience of restraints, and especially her incessant efforts to advance by matrimonial alliance or otherwise the interest of her countrywoman, may sometimes prove fertile in mischief.

One of the reasons why the fair Americans of London society are so much in request, and are so conspicuous at such august functions as ambassadors' dinners, is that they are, for the most part, accomplished linguists. The greater portion of their life has been spent on the continent of Europe. Their German, French, and Italian are infinitely better than those of the ordinary educated English women. Thus they can play their part in the conversation at the most cosmopolitan and polyglot of feasts.

Kitchen Wrinkles.

[Miss M. Whitenack in Minneapolis Housekeeper.]

Tomatoes are nice with cream and sugar. Sugar loses part of its strength by boiling. Never wash raisins; wipe them with a dry cloth.

Wet and flour well the inside of pudding bags.

Wrap fruit jars with paper to keep out the light.

Sugar should be browned in a dry pan for sauce.

Figs are good boiled five minutes and served hot.

Boil coffee in a salt sack; it is nicer than egg to settle it.

Keep preserves in a dry place; seal with flour paste.

Put soda in sour fruit for pies and they will require less sugar.

After paring fruit drop it in cold water to prevent it changing color.

A little sulphate of potassa added to preserves prevents fermentation.

When sauce boils from the side of the pan the flour or corn starch is done.

Glaze the bottom crust of fruit pies with white of egg and they will not be soggy.

Always put a little soda in milk that is to be boiled, as an acid is formed by boiling.

Do not boil vinegar for pickles. Boil the vegetables in salt and water, drain and pour the vinegar on.

Seal the juice left from canning fruits in small bottles and keep for making fruit puddings and sauces.

For convenience in cleaning lamp chimneys, nothing is nicer than a small sponge attached to the end of a stick.

Seats for Saleswomen.

[Boston Transcript.]

Says The Bazar, "Certainly it must come to pass that without any concerted movement at all, and almost, as it were, by an unconscious and silent protest, kind-hearted women will cease to frequent the shops where they see what is essentially a sort of cruelty [compelling shop girls to stand] practiced toward the helpless of their own sex." The Bazar is undoubtedly right, but, unfortunately, the kind-hearted women are in the minority, like the civilized nations as compared with the uncivilized, the educated with the uneducated, the Christian with the heathen; and the shopkeepers, unless they are kind-hearted themselves, need not care 2 pence for the custom, the likes or dislikes of the kind-hearted women. This question cannot be left to take care of itself, and, if the truth must be told, the lack of policy on the part of the shop girls hinders many employers from providing them with chairs, and makes customers indifferent as to their comfort.

Once seated, nine saleswomen out of ten remain seated instead of rising, when a customer approaches, and compel one to bring goods to them or to scream her inquiries to the price. Shopkeepers cannot afford to encourage conduct like this, for it drives away more customers than the sight of a whole regiment of standing girls, weary but attentive. By all means, urge the employers to provide seats, but beg the girls not to abuse the privilege of sitting.

The Medical Use of Eggs.

[Exchange.]

For burns and scalds there is nothing more soothing than the white of an egg, which may be poured over the wound. It is softer as a varnish for a burn than collodion, and being always on hand, can be applied immediately. It is also more cooling than the "sweet oil and cotton," which was formerly supposed to be the surest application to allay the smarting pain. It is the contact with the air which gives the extreme discomfort experienced from ordinary accidents of this kind; and anything which excludes air and prevents inflammation is the best thing to be applied.

The egg is also considered one of the very best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up lightly, with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends by its emollient qualities to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and by forming a transient coating for these organs enables nature to assume her beautiful sway over the diseased body. Two, or at the most, three eggs per day would be all that would be required in ordinary cases; and since the egg is not merely a medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is their recovery.

They Object to Female Lawyers.

Yarrow M. Neenan, the Persian who is studying for missionary service in this country, says:

"There are only three newspapers in Persia. The women are uneducated. In a village of 800 inhabitants, in which I once lived, a man began to teach his wife her letters. The neighbors jeered at him on the streets and went and reviled the woman's parents, telling them that their daughter was being made a lawyer. The nuisance became so intolerable that the parents finally had to take the wife away. They did not allow her to go back to her husband until he had signed a contract pledging himself not to interest himself any further in her intellectual development."

The Belle of a College.

["Guth" in Cincinnati Enquirer.]

Colleges do not give business life to any place. They do not generally raise the standard of the local population. The girls become the belles of the college boys, who leave school and change their minds. To see the belle of a college town who has been courted, and has accepted some fifteen years of successive boys, is to see the fallacy of

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human expectations. One such person, whose passion was instantaneous and decisive, would have accomplished more in that woman's life than thirty classes of immature and very young men quarrelling for her possession and making her their toast and jest.

Ellen Terry's Shoes.

[New York Letter.]

Her shoes have not the common sense recommendations of her hat. They are pumps that she bought for Olivia, with a great high heel in the middle of the sole and the toes sharpened off to the finest point. They are made of stout leather, and ornamented with a big steel buckle. She wears these low shoes summer and winter, but she says they are the most comfortable things that she ever had on her feet; that before she wore them she used to wear "common-sense" shoes, made with great attention to the anatomy of the foot, and she never had a minute's happiness in them. When she played Olivia she bought those pumps as a part of her costume, and they were so comfortable that she has never worn anything else since.

No one could deny that Miss Terry was in the most strikingly dressed person in any room, but I venture to say that she would be the most inexpensively dressed. She has her gowns made of anything that strikes her fancy, whether she sees it in a dry goods shop or an upholsterer's. The stuff is the thing she looks for, without regard to the dictates of fashion.

Woman's Faith in Man.

[Helen Williams in Woman's World.]

Men come home utterly discouraged; their best efforts have failed; self esteem has sunk within them until hope is quite extinguished. What does a woman do under such circumstances? Just what she ought to do. She revives his waning manhood by praise. She shows him every particle of her own loving recognition of all there is in him. She who knows him best of any, whose love has never admitted the existence of his faults, tells him in her own way how good and how truly great he is. She may be neither good nor great, except as her love and confidence endow him with goodness and greatness, but the endowment is genuine; the man arouses to find himself the possessor of gifts he hardly imagined, and with a new-born strength, goes to work in a way that conquers obstacles, and makes his life a success.

Seen Through Boston Spectacles.

[London Cor. Boston Globe.]

Average dressing of English female foot, poor. Awfully shaped shoes. Flatten out at toe like beaver's tail. Hosiery colored. Gray or black. Never white in the street. Cases, mul. Stockings inclined to bag or run down at the heel. More ill-fitting ladies' dresses seen in one hour in London than in Boston for a month. Don't know first how to make clothes fit; secondly, how to wear them. Average English woman seems to crawl into clothes head-first and pulls on down to heels. Average effect—hay-rick. Circumference constantly expanding all the way down.

The Richest Cabinet Lady.

[Boston Courier.]

The richest lady in Washington now probably is Mrs. Whitney, whose husband is secretary of the navy and whose father is the millionaire Senator Payne, of Ohio. It is said that one of her brothers gave her a cool million within a year or two, and as a trifling Christmas gift gave her a \$10,000 ornament of rubies. The diamonds she wore at her first Wednesday reception in Washington were very large and brilliant. Her earrings of solitary diamonds and the three solitaires which were set in her breastpin are unusually large and pure.

Ells Wheeler Wilcox in New Orleans.

[Buffalo Courier.]

Opposite Mrs. Leslie sat a vision in a dark gray traveling dress, with artistic lines of fur upon it and a dash of color at the throat—Ells Wheeler Wilcox. She has been married just ten months, and the honeymoon is of indefinite promise. Reddish brown hair and eyes, a fitting color, a strong, passionate face that is often but not always beautiful, a shapely figure and girlish ways—that is the authoress of "Poems of Passion," the girl of 25 who long ago built a house for her mother with her pen.

More Water for Infants.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A distinguished children's doctor believes, from his practice, that infants generally, whether brought up at the breast or artificial, are not supplied with sufficient water, the fluid portion of their food being quickly taken up and leaving the solid too thick to be easily digested. In warm, dry weather, healthy babies will take water every hour with advantage, and their frequent fretfulness and rise of temperature is often directly due to their not having it.

Charcoal for the Complexion.

[Demorest's Monthly.]

A well known writer on feminine beauty recommends the use of finely ground French charcoal for the complexion. A teaspoonful of this well mixed with water or honey, should be taken for three successive nights, followed by a simple purgative, to remove it from the system. The aperient must not be omitted, or the charcoal will remain in the system, a mass of festering poison, with all the impurities it absorbs.

For Young Cake-Makers.

["O. O." in Brattleboro Household.]

Cake should never be disturbed while baking, for if it is moved or jarred, after it has risen, before it is done it is very apt to

18 cts. for 1 lb. Bl'k Ground Pepper.
20 cts. for 1 lb. Ground Mustard.
20 cts. for 1 lb. Ground Ginger.
20 cts. for 1 lb. Ground Allspice.
25 cts. for 5 lbs. Carolina Rice.

25 cts. for 5 Quarts Navy Beans.
25 cts. for 3 1/2 lb Cans Best Sugar Corn.
25 cts. for 3 1/2 lb Cans Tomatoes.
25 cts. for 3 1/2 lb Cans Lima Beans.
25 cts. for 3 1/2 lb Cans String Beans.
25 cts. for 3 1/2 lb Cans Marrowfat Peas.
25 cts. for 3 1/2 lb Cans Best Red Cherries.
10 cts. for 1 1/2 lb Can Best Pineapple.
20 cts. for 1 1/2 lb Can California Apricots in Heavy Syrup, worth 30 cts.
12 1/2 cts. for 1 1/2 lb Can Best Egg Plums.
12 1/2 cts. for 1 1/2 lb Can Best Green Gages.
15 cts. for 1 lb Baking Powder.
17 cts. for 1 lb Golden Rio Coffee.
40 cts. for 1 gal New Orleans Molasses.

and "make a craze." The oven should be as near the right temperature as possible—not quite so hot as for biscuit—for if it is too hot, and the door has to be opened to let in cool air when the cake is partially cooked, then it is very apt to fall. So much for young cake-makers.

Feeling with an Obedient Patient.
[LaSalle (Ill.) Democrat Press.]
When young folks, full of warm, healthy blood, get "soft" on each other, that settles it. Iron bars, caves, cellars and parents' wrath don't count for a cent. They have got it into their heads to marry, and that event is going to be consummated if a priest, preacher or quire can be found in the land.

Women in Europe.
[The Current.]
Since 1870 women have been admitted to universities in Sweden, Norway, Russia, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, and France. At St. Petersburg in 1882 ninety-nine young women were given degrees in the literary and historical department and sixty-four in the scientific department.

Like Other Girls.
[Mobile Register.]
Southern girls are human like other girls. They would much prefer being wealthy to having to work for their living, but there are no women in the world who undertake such work more bravely, cheerily and uncomplainingly.

To Cleanse Marble.
A paste made from mixing whiting and benzine will cleanse marble from grease. A paste composed of whiting and chloride of soda spread on marble and left to dry in the sun will remove stains if they are not too deep.

To His Daughter.
A shrewd old gentleman once said to his daughter: "Be sure, my dear, you never marry a poor man; but remember that the poorest man in the world is one that has money and nothing else."

Too Frequently.
Nine times out of ten the woman who is worth her weight in gold marries a man who is not worth his weight in scarp-iron.

BRAMMA.

I am the mote in the sun-beam, and I am the burning sun;
"Rest here!" I whisper the atom; I call to the orb: "Roll on!"

I am the blith of morning, and I am the evening breeze;
I am the leaf's low murmur, the swell of the terrible seas.

I am the net, the fowler, the bird and its frightened cry;
The mirror, the form reflected, the sound and its echo, I;

The lover's passionate pleading, the maiden's whispered fear;
The warrior, the blade that smites him, his mother's heart-wrung tear;